

Religious Intelligence.

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

No. 47.

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VOL. VI.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Continued from London Publications.

INDIA.—MADRAS.

Anniversary of the Madras Auxiliary Society, in May, 1821.

We must not omit the mention of our last Missionary Anniversary, being the seventh since its formation. It will not be too much to say, that we think it one of the most interesting meetings yet held in connection with our Society. On Wednesday the service commenced after the usual manner, with the reading of the Scriptures by Brother Loveless, when, after singing and prayer, a most appropriate and most impressive sermon was delivered by our Brother Reeve on "a public spirit," from Psalms xxxviii. 5, 6. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." The effects produced by it we believe were considerable at the time, and were evinced, after the service, by a liberal subscription. May the Great Head of the church succeed the labours of our Brother among us, to the edification and conversion of many precious souls.

We cannot help noticing the cordiality, affection and zeal with which our Wesleyan brethren united with us in the above interesting services. They pleaded as heartily and as warmly the cause of the London Missionary Society as though it had been their own; yea, all minor distinction for the time seemed to have been forgotten: the *shibboleth* of party was kept out of sight, and the interest of the *great common cause* seemed to have concentrated into one focus all our feelings, all our light, all our energies, and all our prayers. We are persuaded it will be well for Missions when more of this Catholic spirit prevails.

BELLARY.

By a letter from Mr. John Hands, dated 6th July last we learn that it is intended to erect a larger and more commodious chapel in the Mission Garden. A subscription has been opened at Bellary, and about 300 rupees received. It is supposed that the total expense will amount to about 5000 rupees (or between £600 and £700

sterling.) The brethren hope to obtain contributions in aid of their object from the friends of missions at Madras.

The school for the instruction of the *native children* have been increased to 17, containing about 800. The Holy Scriptures are taught in the schools and many of the scholars have committed to memory 14 or 15 chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel. The brethren have made more applications for additional *native schools*, but the state of their funds would not admit of their establishing any more.

BELGAUM.

A new mission was commenced at this station about a year ago, by Mr. Joseph Taylor, and the native teacher, Ryadass, both of whom removed to this place from Bellary, where they formerly laboured. Mr. Taylor has been much encouraged by several pleasing incidents which have occurred: among others, he mentions the following:—"One day (says Mr. T.) as I was returning home, a poor man came running after me, apparently with much concern, and said, 'Sir, silver and gold may be procured any where, and at any time, but such instructions I never heard before. I trust, therefore, you will tell me something more about these things, that I may become wise and happy.' Some of the people who have most constantly attended the native preaching, appear to be in a great degree convinced of the falsehood of the Hindoo Scriptures, the folly of worshipping idols, and also of the excellency of the Christian religion.

PENANG.

By a letter from Messrs. Beighton and Ince, dated the 19th of April last, we learn that they had performed a missionary tour along the coast of Queda. The first place they came to was Queda Muda. They observe, that "when in England they had heard of a 'village in an uproar,' but here they saw it realized." The whole place on their arrival appeared in commotion, and they could read in the countenance of each individual, "What meaneth this?" The brethren distributed among the Chinese copies of the Chinese Scriptures and Tracts; and the Malays were informed, that if any of them could read, they also might be supplied with books in the

Malay language. Mr. Ince, then entered into conversation with the Chinese, and Mr. Beighton with great attention, and inquired respecting the books the brethren had brought with them. They were informed that one of the books which they had in their possession was of inestimable value, and, if thoroughly understood, and truly believed, would do them good in time and eternity. The Malays then enquired, if this book said any thing about the Prophet. They were told, that it gave a true and full account of the greatest PROPHET that ever lived, viz. Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners, which no other Prophet had ever done.

At Pulo Tega, the brethren had an interview with the Rajah, who conversed with them for some time. He gave them permission to visit Queda. The Missionaries are of opinion that a promising field of labour and usefulness presents itself in that country.

ISLAND OF JOHANNA.

Geanna, a Prince of that island, resided for some time at the Cape where he received some instruction from Dr. Philip and others, he returned home in May last, accompanied by a preceptor, Mr. Elliott. The following is a letter from Captain Roberts of H. M. ship. Shearwater, in which the Prince returned with Mr. Elliott, addressed to Dr. Philip.

Dear Sir,—A few days past Mr. Elliott left me to commence his labours, with somewhat of a heavy heart, but on the whole more cheerful than I expected.

The Island of Johanna is very beautiful, and possesses most of the comforts of life except bread, and might become very valuable, as its soil is rich and capable of producing any thing. The town is narrow, shabby and dirty; but as they seem a kind hearted race of mortals, I trust your friend will become reconciled to the peculiarity of their manners.

The Shearwater had a long passage of 25 days, but the weather, to compensate, was mostly fine. I think the Prince and his suit strongly attached to their religion. The Prince and the Duke used to come into my cabin in the evenings, and read to me. I invariably put a book of Sermons before them, and explained several points of our religion, which, undoubtedly, by their accounts, differs much from Mohammedanism, such as the forgivness of injuries, and doing good for evil. We certainly made them perceive the beauty and superior morality of our doctrine. My surgeon

and self had both read the Koran in our day, and fortunately, Mr. Elliott produced Sale's Translation to sharpen our memories; and we had some long conversations with them on religious subjects. Yet, although they coolly listened, and fully understood and acknowledged the justice and superiority of the argument, yet still they clung with tenacity to their own creed, and said "Ah! but you do not believe in Mohammed. You will never have the Houris."

The Prince and his suit always came on deck to observe our worship on Sundays, and on one occasion the Prince remarked, "Christians should pray very hard on Sundays." I said why? "Because, they pray only once a week. I never saw a Christian say his prayers but then." I pointed out the nature and use of *private* as well as public prayer, he said, "Oh, but I always pray for others to see me." I took him into my cabin, and read the Saviour's character of the Pharisee. He was much struck, and said Christians were better men than he thought before, and now he could find only two things they did wrong, viz. eating pork and drinking wine.

We rejoice to learn, (say the Baptist Brethren,) that other islands in this remote quarter are following the example of Taheite and Eimeo. At Kaivaivai, or High Island, about four hundred miles S. E. of Taheite, the natives have renounced idolatry, and built a house for the worship of Jehovah, at the entrance of which they have placed their gods, to serve as stools for the people to sit on! The chief of another island, called Rurutu, has requested that instructors might be sent to his subjects also, and two Christian natives from Raiatea were about to sail thither for that purpose.

KINGSTON.

Mr. Coulart, one of the Baptist Missionaries at Kingston, gives the following account of the conversion and happy death of an African woman, by the name of Brooks, who had long adorned the Gospel by a consistent walk.

Mrs. Brooks has long been an exemplary character. She was born in Africa; her parents, she used to say, were remarkably fond of her, being their only child: their little hut was no great distance from the sea: she was large enough to stroll some way from home, which she did one day whilst her mother, the only parent at home, was engaged in some domestic duty. A party of British sailors, who had been on the watch for such unoffending victims, laid hold of her and carried her on board their ship. She wept bitterly, she said, for she thought they would soon eat her, as she could not think of any thing else they could possibly do with her. She was so sad she could not eat the food they

offered her. The loss of her dear parents, *dear though black*, and her fears, so wrought upon her mind, that a fever attacked her and nearly relieved her from her more degraded oppressors. After recovering a little she arrived in Kingston, saw some beef in the market she said; and said to herself, "now I see how they cut up we poor tings to sell and eat." The cargo was sent to America, herself excepted; her now disconsolate husband was then in the employ of the person to whom the cargo was consigned, and he entreated his master not to send this young girl away, as she appeared to him rather superior to the others. After a time she became afflicted; God told her mind, she said, that she was a great sinner, she believed it, and felt that poignant distress which some convinced and hopeless sinners feel; went to hear Mr Liele, and by him was told to go to Jesus Christ, which, after some time, she ventured to do. Her own words are, "Massa, me feel me distress, me heart quite big wi grief, for God no do me wrong, him do all good for me, me do all bad for him. Ah, massa, me heart too full an too hard, me eye no weep, but something so gentle come through me heart, den me eye fill, and God make me feel dat him so good to notice poor me, dat me throw myself down and weep quite a flood." The black man who had obtained her permission to stop on the island, now purchased her from his employer, married her, and went to a little pen out of town to live: but her husband was not pious, he persecuted her much, used her badly, and threatened to put her away because she prayed! She said that she often wept and prayed on his account, but he still remained the same impenitent person. One night in particular she entreated God much "to do something for him." When he fell asleep she arose and prayed, "blessed God, thy eye open, dou seest dat poor man, me no able to tell de what him do, but him do ebery bad ting—do, good Lord, do someting for him, make him blind eye see him danger, make him dumb mouth peak; O do, me sweet Massa Lord, do make him heart, him stony heart feel!" She got into bed again undiscovered, and in a little time he awoke, weeping very bitterly, having been disturbed in a dream—he cried, "my wife, my dear wife, get up an pray for me poor sinner—you husband lost!" O, him lost! In the morning he was still in great trouble, arose and went to seek for a good man to tell him whether he would be lost or not; the man he found told him, "dat no religion, religion no come like-dat." His instructor either knew nothing of true religion, or supposed that God had but one way of bringing sinners to himself. The account filled him with grief: but he said, as he left the blind guide, "Well, if me no got religion in me heart, it quite time to seek it—God will may be give me a little." God has indeed manifested himself to this now bereaved man, "as he does not unto the world." They were, after their public profession, most exemplary in every christian duty. She lived nine and sometimes twelve miles from Kingston, but she was most regular in her attend-

ance; an attentive hearer, and was generally bathed in tears. She once made a little remark about the former Mrs. Coulart, which was applicable to herself in a high degree. Whilst my present wife was teaching her to read, she said, in her usual affectionate way, "Me loving pickaniny, what make God take away dat oder loving pickaniny just when she coming to do we poor perishing tings good; me tink dis, God have him garden, she one of de fruit, him take de ripe fruit first—it no so, me child?" She had a strong desire to read the Bible, but said, "she should not live to read it all." but wished to learn two or three verses of some psalm that suited her. When she heard the two first verses of the hundred and third, she said, "Yes, teach me these, em help to peak God's goodness, for him so good to me poor ting, dat me no how tell him so, and him own words best." She lived to learn them, but she is gone to heaven to repeat them to her good Lord that she loved so much. She died of a short illness, and was, when I saw her last, insensible from severe fever.

MADAGASCAR

A Letter has recently been received from the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Madagascar, dated at the Mauritius, July, 25th 1821, to which place he had returned to arrange his affairs, which he had left unsettled when he accompanied Mr. Hasti, the government agent, to Tanararive. Before he left that city, he had made all necessary arrangement with King Radama, respecting the affairs of the mission, and the establishment of a *public school*, under the charge of Mr. Griffiths, who had arrived there.

Mr. Jones expected again to leave the Mauritius, and return to Madagascar, in the month of October, together with Mr. Jones, accompanied by Mrs. Griffiths and her infant child.

Mr. Jones has lately taken under his tuition, at the request of the king Radama, several children, among whom is the heir apparent to the crown. The others are all children of the nobles, who possess bright talents and a clear understanding; some of them already begin to read portions of the sacred scriptures in English. They know that they have immortal souls, and can answer many questions concerning God, Jesus Christ, death, heaven, &c. It is extremely difficult, however, from the poverty of the language on abstract subjects (a difficulty, by the way, felt more or less, in every heathen country) to convey to their minds ideas of a religious nature.

The providence of God seems, also, to have provided, in a remarkable way, for the introduction of the gospel into Johanna, one of a group called the Comoro Islands, situated between Madagascar and the eastern coast of

Africa. The eldest son of the king of this island, and his suite were shipwrecked on a voyage to visit the tomb of Mahomet at Mecca, and touching, on their return homeward, at the Cape of Good Hope, were detained for some time waiting for a conveyance. In this interval the prince and his attendants applied themselves very diligently to the study of the English language; and became so much interested in the pursuit of knowledge, that they took back with them, as an instructor, a Mr. Elliott, who, there is reason to hope, may not only aid them in their laudable attempts to acquire sound information, but communicate, at the same time, the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ.

SLAVE TRADE.

Some of the horrors of this inhuman traffic are strikingly set forth in the following Remarks of Judge Story.

In the course of the last year, (says the New-York Advertiser,) a vessel called the *Jeune Eugenie*, was captured by the United States armed schooner *Alligator*, Lieut. Stockton, on the coast of Africa, on the charge of being engaged in the slave trade, and sent into Boston for adjudication. This vessel was claimed by the French consul, on behalf of the owners, who were, professedly, Messrs. *Raibaud & Labatat*, resident at the island of Gaudaloupe. She was built in the United States.

After having considered a number of preliminary points which the case presented, Judge Story remarks—"The first question naturally arising out of the asserted facts is, whether the African slave trade be prohibited by the law of nations; for, if it be so, it will not, I presume, be denied that confiscation of the property ought to follow; for that is the proper penalty denounced by that law for any violation of its precepts; and the same reasons which enforce that penalty ordinarily, apply with equal force to employment in this trade.

"It is not, as the learned counsel for the government have justly stated, on account of the simple fact, that the traffic necessarily involves the enslavement of human beings, that it stands reprehended by the present sense of nations; but that it necessarily carries with it *a breach of all the moral duties*, of all the maxims of justice, mercy, and humanity, and of the admitted rights, which independent Christian nations now hold sacred in their intercourse with each other. What is the fact as to the ordinary, nay necessary course, of this trade? It begins in corruption, and plunder, and kidnapping. It creates and stimulates unholy wars for the purpose of making captives. It desolates whole villages

and provinces for the purpose of seizing the young, the feeble, the defenceless, and the innocent. It breaks down all the ties of parent and children, and family, and country. It shuts up all sympathy for human suffering and sorrow. It manacles the inoffensive females, and the starving infants. It forces the brave to untimely death in defence of their humble homes and firesides, or drives them to despair or self-immolation. It stirs up the worst passions of the human soul, darkening the spirit of revenge, sharpening the greediness of avarice, brutalizing the selfish, envenomizing the cruel, famishing the weak, and crushing to death the broken-hearted. This is but the beginning of evils. Before the unhappy captive arrives at the destined market where the traffic ends, one quarter part, at least, in the ordinary course of events perish in cold blood under the inhuman or thoughtless treatment of their oppressors.

Strong as these expressions may seem and dark as is the colouring of this statement, it is short of the real calamities inflicted by this traffic. *All the wars that have desolated Africa for the last three centuries have had their origin in the slave trade.* The blood of thousands of her miserable children have stained shores, quenched the dying embers of her desolated towns, to glut the appetite of slave dealers. The ocean has received in its deep and silent bosom thousands more, who have perished from disease and want during their passage from their native home to the foreign colonies. I speak not from vague rumours, or idle tales, but from authentic documents, and the known historical details of the traffic—a traffic, that carries away at least 50,000 persons annually from their homes and their families, and breaks the hearts and buries the bones, and extinguishes the happiness of more than double the number. "There is," as one of the greatest of modern statesmen has declared, "something of horror in it, that surpasses all the bounds of the imagination."

Judge Story then says—It is of this traffic, *thus carried on*, that he would ask, if be consistent with the law of nations. He then adverts to the acts of various European governments; and particularly notices that of our own, by which, in a law of Congress, "to mark at once its infamy and repugnance to the law of nations, it has been raised in the catalogue of crimes to the bad eminence of piracy," and says—"I am justified in saying, that at the present moment the traffic is vindic

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CHEROKEE MISSION.

If there is a sordid soul who would make excuse when solicited to support the misionary cause, and who would adopt the common plea that it will do no good—the time is not come—you can never civilize or Christianize the Indians—let him read the following letter, and as he reads, remember that it was written by a child of the forest, one who a short time since was enveloped in heathenish darkness, and who doubtless would have remained in that darkness for ever, had not a few missionaries, like their divine Master, left the ninety and nine to seek a few scattered lambs in the wilderness. If he can read, unmoved, the affecting account of the triumphant death of a heathen convert, contained in the two following letters, he must be worse than sordid—he must be an infidel.

Extract of a letter from Catharine Brown to her brother David, at the Foreign Mission School, Cornwall, (Conn.) dated

“Creek Path, Cherokee Nation, }
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“My dear brother,—As Mr. Ross has lately arrived from Brainerd, and will probably return in a few days, I improve this favourable opportunity of writing a few lines to you. Are you still living as a stranger and pilgrim in the earth? Is the Saviour near your heart, and the object of your chief delight and conversation? I trust that you will continually possess and imitate that meek and lowly spirit, which Jesus possessed in the days of his flesh. I should like to converse with you all day. When I consider the distance we are separated, my ever dear brother, I weep. But the Lord is a present help in every time of trouble. I think I never have desired so much to see you, as I have these several days past. Happy should I be, could I but see you this moment, and relate to you our late trials and affliction, which we have received from our kind heavenly Father. I hope you will lean on the Saviour, who is able to give the consolation which you need,

and recollect we are in the hands of an infinitely wise and good Being, who will order every thing for his glory, and the best good of his children. Since we are the children of a glorious and holy God, may we be submissive to all the dispensations of his Providence, not only in prosperity, but also in adversity, and say, The will of the Lord be done.

“I can scarcely compose my mind to write; but you will easily imagine our situation at present, and what I would say, if you were now here. You have recently received the account of brother John’s affliction with a consumption. And, no doubt, you have often thought of him, and hoped to see him again, when you return. But the Lord has ordered otherwise. He has taken him to Himself. Yes, our beloved brother is no more! He is dead! Distressing news to you, I know, my brother, and to us. Come, then, let us weep together; and while we mourn for our absent brother, let us remember Jesus Christ, who, we trust, has sanctified his heart, and brought him to love God in sincerity. O! let us bless God, that we do not weep for him who lived and died without hope. It is now two weeks since he departed this life to eternity. It is indeed the most painful event that ever has taken place in this family. I think, I feel for our dear father and mother. They mourn much for him. I do not wonder; for he was their only son who was here, and on whom they depended for every comfort of life, and support in their declining days. Do not forget to pray for them, particularly that the Spirit of God may dwell richly in their hearts, and support them in this short journey of life. They appear more like Christians than before. Father said, brother John was not ours, but the Lord’s, and he had a right to take him whenever he pleased. He appears to pray more fervently, and takes a greater delight in attending family duties, morning and evening. But I must hasten to give you a more particular account of our departed brother.”

After stating some previous circumstances, the account proceeds:—

“Though he suffered great pain, not one word of complaint was heard from him, during the whole of his sickness. He appeared reconciled to the will of God, and said the Saviour suffered more than he did. He said he was perfectly willing to be in the hands of God, and to be disposed of in such a way as seemed Him good. He said he was not afraid to die. About one week before his death, he tried to talk to

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“ I can scarcely compose my mind to write; but you will easily imagine our situation at present, and what I would say, if you were now here. You have recently received the account of brother John’s affliction with a consumption. And, no doubt, you have often thought of him, and hoped to see him again, when you return. But the Lord has ordered otherwise. He has taken him to Himself. Yes, our beloved brother is no more! He is dead! Distressing news to you, I know, my brother, and to us. Come, then, let us weep together; and while we mourn for our absent brother, let us remember Jesus Christ, who, we trust, has sanctified his heart, and brought him to love God in sincerity. O! let us bless God, that we do not weep for him who lived and died without hope. It is now two weeks since he departed this life to eternity. It is indeed the most painful event that ever has taken place in this family. I think, I feel for our dear father and mother. They mourn much for him. I do not wonder; for he was their only son who was here, and on whom they depended for every comfort of life, and support in their declining days. Do not forget to pray for them, particularly that the Spirit of God may dwell richly in their hearts, and support them in this short journey of life. They appear more like Christians than before. Father said, brother John was not ours, but the Lord’s, and he had a right to take him whenever he pleased. He appears to pray more fervently, and takes a greater delight in attending family duties, morning and evening. But I must hasten to give you a more particular account of our departed brother.”

After stating some previous circumstances, the account proceeds:—

“ Though he suffered great pain, not one word of complaint was heard from him, during the whole of his sickness. He appeared reconciled to the will of God, and said the Saviour suffered more than he did. He said he was perfectly willing to be in the hands of God, and to be disposed of in such a way as seemed Him good. He said he was not afraid to die. About one week before his death, he tried to talk to

the family, but being very weak, was not able to say much. Though he spoke but few words, it was truly affecting, and I trust will never be forgotten by us. May we remember his words, and imitate his holy walk. He said—It is now more than a year since we began to follow Christ, and what have we done for him since that time? Do we live like Christians? I fear we are too much engaged about worldly things. When the people come to see you, I do not hear you tell them about the Saviour; and ask them their feelings with respect to another world. We are professors of religion, and why do we not show it to others? He added particularly, you should remember to keep the Lord's day. You are too much engaged in the kitchen on the Sabbath day. You should keep the blacks from work, and take them with you to meeting: when you return, keep them still in the house, and not let them play any on this day. He looked earnestly toward me, and asked if the missionaries cooked on the Sabbath? I told him, they generally made preparations on Saturday. He said, that is what you ought to do. He used frequently to ask me to pray with him, and read and explain the Bible, which I did with great pleasure. For three or four days before he died, he was deranged. When he had his reason, he appeared very pleasant, would smile, &c. The night before he died, he spoke your name frequently.

" Sabbath morning, the day that he died, being told it was Sabbath, he requested us to sing and pray with him, which we did. Immediately after this he fell into a state of insensibility, in which he continued till about 5 o'clock, when his spirit ascended to his heavenly home. On Monday, P. M. February 4th, we followed his remains to the cold and silent grave, and bid him a long farewell. It was hard to part with him; but a great consolation, that we shall soon meet in the kingdom of Christ, never more to part. His christian life was short; but long enough to prove, that Christ's religion was not in vain. I often remember, he was always ready to instruct and guide the dear heathen to the cross of Christ. I remember those affectionate eyes so often bathed in tears for his poor countrymen. But he has gone before us, and will no longer weep for us, and the dear Cherokees in darkness. His lips are silent in the grave. His prayers are not heard on earth. Here I stop—my heart bleeds. O! may we follow his example, as far as he followed Christ, and live devoted to God; be in constant readiness for

our own departure, that we may at last meet our brother around the throne of that blessed Redeemer, who has brought us from death unto life eternal. I hope you will not think we are unhappy, or that we wish you to return. Father and mother are willing you should stay as long as you think best. Write to them often. May God bless you, and make you an instrument of great good to your countrymen, is the prayer of your truly affectionate sister,

CATHARINE BROWN."

CREEK PATH.

MR. WHITING,—Knowing that your readers feel a peculiar interest in the infant missionary stations established among the Indians, and watch with pleasing solicitude their hitherto successful efforts, I send you the following extract of a letter recently received from Mrs. Potter at Creek path.

After some general remarks respecting the rapid progress made by the Cherokees towards civilization, Mrs. P. proceeds:—

" Two years since Creek Path was a place of the grossest ignorance. The Saviour's name had scarcely been heard among the people. They passed their time in idleness and dissipation; and most of those who were clad at all, were covered with rags. The Sabbath was known but by few, and these had been taught by the whites to consider it a holly day. But now, how changed the scene! many of them have become sober and industrious. They assemble regularly on the Sabbath for the worship of God, and manifest a tender solicitude for the welfare of their immortal souls. Their dress though coarse, is very neat and becoming. Seldom is a dirty garb seen in our little sanctuary. They frequently speak of their former ways of living, and express much gratitude that missionaries have been sent to teach them better things. Much good was effected here, by the disinterested exertions of Mr. Butrick. God was pleased to bless his labours and to give him, as we trust, "some souls as seals of his ministry." These are our consolations and joys. With them we sit down to commemorate the Saviour's dying love, and find the seasons precious; with them we bow before the throne of God, and supplicate his mercies, and with them join in the song of solemn praise. One man has recently been admitted to the church; but as our hands were thus strengthened, God, in his righteous providence, saw cause to weaken them, by taking one dear brother to himself. This was

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Capt. John Brown, a brother of Catharine. He had been lingering some months with a consumption, and on the 3d of Feb. fled to the world of spirits. During the whole of his sickness he manifested the most unfeigned submission to the will of God. In his broken English, he used frequently to say, any thing the Saviour think best, I willing." A few days before his death he called his friends together and earnestly entreated them to be faithful to God and to their poor people. He exhorted them in a very particular manner to keep the Sabbath holy. This day was to him a delight, and the holy of the Lord honourable. Seldom have I seen a Christian who seemed to regard it with so much reverence. He lived upon a road which was considerably travelled, and kept a house of entertainment. He came one day with a serious air to Mr. Potter, and requested that he would explain to him one of the ten commandments; and wished him to read them in course till he should request him to stop. When he came to the clause in the fourth command, "nor the stranger," &c. "Stop," said he, "'stranger,' what that mean?" Mr. P. gave him his views of the passage, and he then said, "I thought may be it mean traveller. Many people travel on Sabbath, and they call my house to get victuals. I know it wrong for them to travel on Sabbath; and I dont know but wrong for me to get them victuals." Though he sometimes entertained travellers on that day, he never permitted them to interfere with his religious duties. No persuasions were sufficient to induce him to stay himself, or permit any of his family to stay from public worship for their accommodation. As far as he knew the will of God, he seemed implicitly to obey. Soon after the conversation above alluded to, he fell into a state of mental derangement, in which he continued most of the time till his death. In his short lucid intervals he expressed a willingness to leave the world, but was so feeble that he could say but few words. On the morning of the day that he died, being told that it was the Sabbath, he requested his sisters to sing and pray with him which they did. A few minutes he seemed rational, then sunk into a state of insensibility, and in about ten hours expired. What a consolation to those who have liberally imparted their substance to advance this mission, that one soul is now in glory through their instrumentality! Many more, we trust, are following the footsteps of their departed brother, and will soon enter into the same rest.

You will, I doubt not, be pleased to learn

that we have a female benevolent society at Creek path. It was formed on the 13th of November, and consists of 14 members, who pay in advance half a dollar a year. The meeting for its formation was to me a very interesting scene. It was held at the cabin of one of our Cherokee neighbours and was opened by prayer and singing in the Cherokee language. Then by the assistance of Catharine Brown as interpreter, the 4 last verses of the 12th chapter of Mark were read, and some observations made. After this the object of the meeting was laid before the persons present, and a constitution read and explained. The thing was novel. Every ear was open, every countenance beamed with joy, and "o-re-ri," (it is good,) was the universal reply. All present subscribed the constitution, and we then proceeded to appoint our President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The women were considerably diverted that females should bear titles, and I was pleased to listen to a little cheerful conversation on the subject. A number of benevolent objects were set before them to which they might devote their offering; and that of educating young men for ministers, and missionaries, was unanimously chosen. It was therefore resolved that the money for the present year should be sent to an education society in West Tennessee. Six dollars were soon after forwarded. A small offering indeed, but I trust one acceptable to Him by whom the poor widow was so highly commended.

OSAGE MISSION.

Extract of a letter to the editor of the Recorder, dated

HARMONY STATION, Jan. 21, 1822.

You may ask how we are prospered, and what our prospects are? We would answer, that kind providence has followed us ever since we left the land of our nativity. It is true that sickness has been among us, and death been several times repeated; yet, at present, health is known in all our borders. We have commenced our school, and have at present nine Indian youths, and a prospect of the number being daily increased.

Jan. 23.—Since the above was written, the chief men of the Great Osage village, have been assembled at this establishment, and publicly declared that all intestine divisions, which have greatly abounded, had ceased among the rulers of the nation, and that they would, as far as consistent, aid us in our great object, by giving up their children to become, as they say,

white men and women; may God add his blessing, that they become children of his grace. We have taken this day three children, sons and grand-sons of the two chiefs that were last at Washington. I have three other native children with me, and find them to be quite tractable, and remarkably pleasant. You would be happy in hearing their conversation, and be much diverted with their shrewd remarks upon our manners, customs, &c. We are hoping in a few years to send on to New-England, some Osage youths to be benefitted by some higher seminary of learning, that they may not only move in the lower, but in a higher sphere of action. Who knows but that God designs to raise from this degraded people, a Washington, a Franklin, a Whitfield or a Martyn. Yours, &c.

AMASA JONES.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

The Revival in several congregations in the City of New-York, continues to be encouraging. About 60 were added to the Church under the care of Dr. Spring, on the first Sabbath in this month, and 36 to Mr. Cox's Church on the same day. After the solemn and interesting scene in Dr. Spring's Church, about one thousand communicants united with the young professors in commemorating the dying love of their Saviour, by obeying his last command,—“This do in remembrance of me: For as oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, you do show your Lord's death till he come.”

Extract of a letter from a correspondent, dated Bottle-Hill, Morris County, New-Jersey, April 11, 1822.

Through the last fall, and winter, the Lord was with us in a still small voice. The first Sabbath of last quarter, there were five added to the Church here, under the Rev. Mr. Bergen. The first of this quarter, eleven. The work commenced in the east part; it has since spread gently over the Parish. It is now, principally in the south west part; where the Lord is bowing every knee, and subduing every heart. The number who are seeking the Lord (apparently) with all the heart, is more than one hundred. Of this number, including those mentioned above, about fifty have passed from death unto life. The subjects are, as heretofore, of both sexes, and all ages from nine to seventy years.

The work has extended to the parish of Morris Town four miles west of this. At a conference meeting there last week one

hundred attended, all deeply impressed. How many are subjects of renewing grace we know not.

Extract of a letter from Tyringham, (Berkshire Co. Mass.) dated April 8, 1822.

We are in this place now visited with a refreshing from the Lord. The work commenced about three weeks ago, and is very rapid; some are struck under conviction and obtain hopes within twelve hours, others in twenty-four. Meetings are frequent, and about forty are now rejoicing.

Extract of a letter, dated Sag Harbour, L. I. Lord's day Evening 7th April.

I cannot omit informing you as I know it will give you joy to learn, that at our Communion, which was held this day, Twenty-four members were added to our Church, the fruits and hopeful subjects of the renewing grace of God. It has been with us a solemn, interesting and joyful season. That they may all be truly the disciples of Christ, and walk worthy of their high vocation, is the sincere prayer of your unworthy friend.

From the Woodstock Monitor.

A correspondent at Wallingford, Vt. date March 14, after mentioning the work of grace which has prevailed there, writes, “Twenty-five have been admitted to communion; and ten or twelve will probably join soon. Great harmony and unanimity prevail in the church. A general spirit of prayer has lately appeared among the friends of Zion; and the hope is indulged that God is about to return, and cause his face to shine upon us.

Another at Addison, March 16, writes, “A work of divine grace has been displayed upon the hearts of a goodly number, for months past at Moriah, N. Y. I am not prepared to state the number who have hopefully experienced a change of heart. Some Christians are charitable for between 40 and 50.

May the Lord of all grace continue to display his saving power among them, bring many to accept the great salvation and make glad the hearts of his people.

At Crown Point are recent appearances of the commencement of a good work.”

The following pleasing intelligence is communicated from Highgate, March 20. “The Lord has visited Highgate, for some months past, with the special operations of his Spirit. As early as June last there were several instances of seriousness in dis-

ferent parts of the town. During the summer and autumn several were added to the church. Since that time the attention has increased, and the work continues without any very sensible abatement. Thirty-three have been added to the Congregational church; two are propounded. More than this number have been added to the Methodist Society in this place. This is the Lord's work—may we all have hearts to pray for its continuance.

For two weeks past there have been promising appearances in Swanton. Christians are engaged, religious meetings are increasing, and many sinners appear solemn."

From Bridport we learn, that there have been 100 hopeful converts during the last religious attention there, and that 64 have joined the congregational church, 40 the Baptist, and a few the Methodists. Many of these are heads of families, have commenced family prayer, and lead in the devotion at conferences and prayer meetings.

A correspondent at Brookfield, 2d inst. writes, 'The work of reformation still progresses gloriously at Randolph; and we have some very favourable appearances among us in Brookfield.'

"Let Zion and her sons rejoice."

Extract of a letter, to the Publishers of the Columbian Star, dated—Putnam, (Ohio,) March 26, 1822.

Brethren,—I cannot close this communication without stating the goodness of God to us in this place; should we keep silent, the very earth would reprove us. On last Lord's day morning I baptized nine persons by planting them together in the likeness of Christ's death; while our Methodist Brethren, on the opposite side of the river (which runs through our town) proceeded to pour water on the heads of three candidates whom they caused to kneel at the brink of the water. After baptism, we proceeded to the Academy, where, after preaching, the Lord's Supper was administered; and a more solemn and happy day was never witnessed in this place, not realized by the oldest member in this church. Every member of the church, with whom I have conversed since speaks of last Sabbath as being the best day ever spent on earth. The audience, though disagreeably crowded, would not retire until the services all closed. The Lord seems to be reviving his work once more in this place, many were the tears that rolled from the blooming cheeks of the attentive youth; whose hearts seemed to bleed for sin. On Mon-

day morning a young lady, accompanied by a mother in Israel, come to my study. She was all in tears, and as I would inquire into the exercises of her mind, and quote passages, of scripture to alleviate her distress, she would interrupt me by saying, "O sir, these only *thought* they were the chief of sinners: but I *know* I am." I am anxiously waiting for another visit from this weeping Mary. S.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We would apologize to the friend who was kind enough to communicate for the Religious Intelligencer the following letter. By mistake it was superscribed Mr. S. Converse instead of N. Whiting publisher. We did not receive it till the present week, which will account for its late insertion.

NANTUCKET, March 11, 1822.

SIR,—Capt. ALLEN, a much esteemed member of the Friend's Society and a liberal patron of foreign missions, has just arrived here, only 150 days from the Sandwich Islands. Doctor Holman and family left there on the 2d of Oct. for America by the way of China. Capt. A. states that 'the Missionaries were generally in health, laying the foundation for immense good, and of all men the most worthy of patronage.' While on his voyage he repeatedly visited them and saw their trials and wants. Dear Sir, we know not what it is to live and labour among the Heathen. I had long read the Herald, and conversed much with men who had sojourned in pagan countries; but his account makes me sensible that I had no idea of the cares, labours, privations and sufferings encountered by missionaries. When he left, 'they were in want of most articles necessary to the support and comfort of a family in this country. They need more comfortable houses. Those in which they all had lived until lately, and in which their sick had been confined, were covered with thatch, through which objects could be seen in every direction: and when it rained exertions were necessary, and sometimes ineffectual to prevent the water from collecting upon their ground floors. This was not through lack of industry or judgment in the missionaries.' That their present accommodations may be improved, and the precious health and lives of those who are soon to join them, be saved, it is hoped agreeably to the wishes of many, that materials for houses 20 feet by 12, one story high, may be furnished by the good people in the vicinity of Connecticut River and sent down to Haddam from whence they will

be taken in May and transported to the Sandwich Islands.

A revival has taken place on board a ship soon after sailing on a triennial voyage. She was probably among the first ever fitted out from here, competently furnished with Bibles and Tracts. Among her crew were three heathen youths, who had made encouraging proficiency in our Sabbath School, and sailed with the prospect of being regularly instructed until their return. They all assemble twice a day for reading and prayer, and I hope, by the grace of God, they will demonstrate to the community of Whalemen, that *true* religion does not "spoil a voyage." *Laus Deo*, we now have three "religious ships" at which the Whalemen of two countries and three Oceans are looking.

THOUGHTS

On the encouragement to implore and to expect a more copious effusion of the influences of the Holy Spirit.

This encouragement arises from the explicit promises of such an effusion.

Next to the grand promise originally made on the expulsion from Eden, the promise of a Saviour, there is not one so interwoven with the whole texture of divine revelation, and renewed with so much frequency and so much emphasis of reiteration, as the promise of the Holy Spirit. He is expressly called "the Spirit of promise,"—"the promise of the Father;" and the pre-eminent glory of the Christian economy, when compared with that by which it was preceded, consists greatly in this—that it is "the ministration of the Spirit." Blessed beyond all who live before them, were they whose eyes beheld the Son of God manifested in the flesh; but more blessed still were his disciples, after his departure, than even during his personal presence. "Nevertheless I tell you the truth," said Jesus, "it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now; howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." How glorious was his descent, in fulfilment of the Saviour's promise on the day of Pente-

cost, when his ordinary and extraordinary influences were poured out in rich and copious effusion. Standing up before the astonished multitude, the apostle Peter thus addressed them: "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel;—And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." That promise, then, though gloriously verified on the day of Pentecost, was only in part fulfilled; and a more copious and extended effusion of regenerating and sanctifying influences is reserved for a period not yet arrived—not now far distant; so that the three thousand souls, then added to the church, were only the pledge of the addition of millions more! The present population of the world exhibits, it is true, a dreary waste of moral desolation, but it shall only continue, "until the Spirit" in copious effusion "be poured out from on high;" and then "the wilderness shall be as a fruitfull field, and the fruitful field shall be counted for a forest." Then, "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."—"I will pour water," saith Jehovah, "upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the ground: I will pour my Spirit on thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring: And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel." So fertilizing and refreshing, yet so gentle and insinuating, is sometimes the influence of heavenly grace, that it is compared to the unseen but innumerable drops of the gently descending dew—"I will be as the dew unto Israel." Sometimes its descent is more distinctly apparent, and it is repre-

sented as coming down "like rain upon the mown grass, like showers which water the earth." But more bold is the figurative language of this interesting passage, and more aptly does it denote, a communication in the highest degree copious and abundant : " I will *pour* water upon him that is thirsty, and *floods* upon the dry ground." It shall resemble not so much the evening dew, or the falling shower, such as descended on the land of Israel ; it shall resemble more the wide spreading and fertilizing inundation of the river of Egypt, producing, with the rapidity which astonishes, a beauty and verdure and richness of vegetation, under other circumstances almost unknown. And when this promise shall be extensively fulfilled, Oh what scenes of moral beauty and grandeur shall the church exhibit !—Her ministers shall be clothed with salvation—her people shall shout aloud for joy. In her sanctuaries how joyous shall be the concourse—how elevated and how rapturous the songs of praise ; her ordinances how greatly blessed ; with the means of grace what efficiency shall be connected ! " For," saith Jehovah, " as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater ; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth ; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

The encouragement to expect a more copious effusion of divine influence, arises, Thirdly, *from the appearance of such indications as may be expected to precede that effusion.*

Of these indications may be specified—

1st, The employment of those means, on an extended scale, with which the influence of the Holy Spirit is usually connected.

The time is not come for the conversion of the heathen, said many in the years which are recently past ; and this gratuitous assertion was deemed by those who made it, a sufficient apology for declining any active exertions in their

favour. At present, said they, the aspect of the world affords but little encouragement to expect success. It must be the work of God, and in his own good time ; and by some extraordinary interposition, he will plead his own cause. They forgot that we are in possession of a clearer rule of duty, and a more explicit directory of conduct, than any which can be derived from our calculations of the probability of success. We have received from our Lord and Master a charge which is in full force—" Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Great is the cause of joy and gratitude that this charge is now more generally understood ; and that in pursuance of its requirements, societies have been organized, funds obtained and missionaries sent forth. Can we doubt, then, whether this be a prognostic of approaching prosperity—a precursor of a glorious day of heavenly grace ? Did not he who gave the command—" Go into all the world," give also the assurance, " Lo, I am with you always ;" and is not this, in effect, an assurance that with the employment of the means he has prescribed, he will connect the requisite influences of the Holy Spirit ?

2dly. An increasing persuasion of the necessity of divine influences to secure the efficacy of the means employed.

The necessity of this influence is no new doctrine in our system—no new article in our creed ; yet although it may retain only the same place in our creed, it may occupy more of our thoughts, it may be more deeply impressed upon our minds, it may give excitement to more frequent and more fervent desires. It is one thing to admit, even with full conviction, the correctness of a doctrine, and another to yield the heart habitually to its powerful and guiding influence. On first awaking from the slumbers of inactivity and supineness, the Christian world was roused to the consideration of the duty of accomplishing all that was practicable by human instrumentality. It was not presumed or imagined, that human agency was itself sufficient to secure the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. And yet never perhaps was there felt, either among ministers or

churches, so deep and vivid an impression on this subject, as since they have received from the pens and from the lips of missionaries their touching and faithful descriptions of the state of the heathen world. The feelings awakened by an actual inspection of the degraded and debased character of the human mind, under the darkness of paganism, have been, in some degree, propagated in the hearts of Christians at home: convictions of the necessity of divine influences, to give success to missionary efforts have been greatly deepened, and desires after a copious effusion of those influences have been enkindled to greater ardour. Is not this a token for good?—When the blessed God is about to confer a favour of peculiar value, does he not frequently awaken in the minds of his people a consideration of its importance and a desire of its attainment; and is not the very desire to be traced to that influence, of a more copious effusion of which it is the precursor and the pledge?

3dly, A disposition to unite in fervent prayer for this promised blessing.

To united prayer is attached a peculiar efficacy. It was our Advocate with the Father who said—"If two of you shall agree on earth, touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." The union of many for the purpose of prayer is represented, in the prophecy of Zechariah, as an indication of the approaching glory of the latter day. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, It shall yet come to pass, that there shall come people, and the inhabitants of many cities; and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts: I will go also."

Was there ever seen upon earth a union for prayer—for the propagation of the gospel—prayer for the effusion of the Holy Spirit, so extensive as that which now takes place, on a fixed day and hour, in the commencement of every month? And is it not to be presumed as well as desired, that at Missionary prayer-meetings, both at home and abroad, petitions for the effusion of divine influ-

ences will be presented with increasing copiousness and increasing fervour? Not one blessing is there attached to the covenant of grace, which the Father of mercies is more ready to bestow, than this, in answer to the united supplications of his children—"If ye, being evil," said the Saviour, "know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

4thly, A conviction, by indubitable evidence, that an increased effusion of divine influences is, in some parts of the world, actually taking place.

Let the reports of Missionary transactions be duly examined, and it will be found impossible to resist the conclusion, that among the most degraded and wretched idolaters, there are numerous instances of conversion to God—that in some regions of the heathen world, the mass of the population have with one consent, renounced and destroyed their gods; and that not a few native teachers have been sent forth from newly-formed churches, well qualified to publish the glad tidings of salvation to their heathen neighbours. What are these undoubted facts, but satisfactory and delightful evidences of the agency of the Divine Spirit, in countries over which till lately, the prince of darkness reigned with undisputed and undisturbed dominion. The throne of Satan seems now shaken to its very basis; and even populous regions which are still the habitations of cruelty, because the scene of abominable idolatry, afford cheering indications of an approaching change.—The idols are sinking gradually into contempt, and soon the idols shall be utterly abolished.

And in some parts of the *Christian world* have there not been of late, remarkable effusions of heavenly influences? How deeply interesting have been some of the statements received from different denominations of our trans-Atlantic brethren! From the latest intelligence, it appears that an abundant communication of divine influences continues to be enjoyed by many of the American churches, which have been for a considerable time thus highly favoured,

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and that many other congregations have been recently visited by copious showers of blessings. From the most authentic documents, we have the happiness to learn, that during the past year, the effect of this effusion has been not only the elevation of the standard of religious character among those who had believed through grace, but also the conversion of many thousands who were living without God and without Christ. What hath God wrought!—*Lond. Evan. Mag.*

BOSTON.

From the Boston Recorder.

At the intermission of the last Sabbath, the writer of this, who resides in the Western District, in the state of New-York, was sitting with the elders of the Church to which he administers and several other individuals, conversing on the late news of religious revivals, and especially with reference to the late animating account from the city of New-York. He observed that it was seventy years since there had been any general revival in *Boston*. This was heard with a sigh; and noticed with much lamentation. And perhaps it was more sensibly felt on account of our being in a vicinity where there is a congregation of people embracing the same death-cold sentiments now so prevalent in Boston. The next day however, a circumstance transpired which showed us one method by which God has continued to maintain his cause in that lamented city; and a method instructive, and encouraging to every one who is willing to do the least thing for the salvation of immortal souls.

On Monday the session met according to appointment, at the house of a venerable gentleman seventy-two years of age; who had lately taken residence in this place, and who, together with his wife, presented a letter from a church in Vermont, wishing to become members with us. In giving a reason of the hope that was in him, the old gentleman proceeded thus—Previously to my becoming eighteen years of age, the religious impressions I cherished, were altogether with reference to keeping the law. This I attempted with much strictness. And this, I supposed, I had very nearly attained; till I went to reside in Boston as clerk in a store. On my arrival, the lady told the servant girl to show me the chamber, and chest where I was to put my clothes. But in a moment recalled her words, and observed, I will go myself. She went with me. Showed me a chest

in which to put my clothes, and a place where I might hang such things as I wished. And observed, "there is the bed in which you will sleep." She then pointed me to a Bible upon the table, and said to me, *there is a Bible, in which you can read*; and here is a room to *pray in*. We shall give you time to read the Bible, and to pray. When you are in this employment we shall not call you off. Remember," said she, "there is an eternity before you.—You are every day acting for eternity; and hastening to judgment. It becomes us to seek for mercy while it may be found—Pray to God; and *don't neglect it.*" "This address," added the old gentleman, "was like arrows in my heart—especially the last remark concerning prayer—*'Don't neglect it.'*" "I knew," said he, "that I had neglected it.—I knew, with all my pretended goodness, that I had lived a prayerless life. My sins seemed at once to be set in order before mine eyes. I saw myself condemned to everlasting misery. I felt impressions that I never before felt. These impressions continued through the week. On the Sabbath I attended the meeting of Rev. Mr. Sewell. His text was—"He that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." This I felt. And I felt that it was to me. I knew that I had not believed in Christ.—I knew that I was condemned; justly condemned. In this condition I remained, till this Saviour I had rejected, seemed to appear for my relief. I saw the excellency of his character; I saw him most lovely and precious. Instead of condemnation, I now felt peace and comfort.

I afterwards told the lady, that she had reason to bless God that she was made the instrument of so great a change as I hoped was wrought in my soul. I soon united with Mr. Sewell's Church. And now," added he, "this fifty-four years, I have been hoping, and fearing, and passing along, an unprofitable servant. I have thought of this comparison.—Suppose a child born so long ago, and had he not grown in stature more than I have grown in spiritual sense, I should think him a dwarf indeed."

But, suffice it to say, that this man, on further examination, both with respect to practical and doctrinal subjects, gave very agreeable satisfaction. But a few years, at most, we think, will place him again in the society of his probably departed benefactress.

Now let "this, that this the woman hath

done be told for a memorial of her." And let others who view themselves even as inconsiderable as a retired female, learn by the circumstance before us, that they can do something to save the souls of perishing sinners. Let them realize that God *requires* that they do something. And let them remember that their neglect will cause the blood of souls to be required at their hands.

Boston knows not how many such preachers as this worthy woman, have been raised up there. Undoubtedly that place, "as touching the election, is beloved for the Father's sake." And undoubtedly there now remain *there*, both in public and private, a precious number of faithful advocates for the unadulterated Gospel salvation.—"Now, therefore, O God, strengthen their hands." Who will not devoutly offer this prayer? Who will not pray that the Holy Spirit may come down upon Boston? Is there not a call for such prayers? Christians, will you not think of this when you pray? Consider how many of its inhabitants do not so much as believe that there is any Holy Ghost.

Trenton, N. Y. March 20, 1822.

THE SUMMER EVENING DREAM.

There are moments in the life of every one, whose soul is not completely enshrouded in selfishness, when the situation of others cannot but rouse the attention and call up the deepest feelings of the heart. The wants, the woes, and the sorrows of our fellow beings, must at times turn aside the attention so commonly engrossed by the insignificant self, and make us feel, that even our sympathies and commiserations are needed, and that a part of the field of humanity is to be trodden by us. We are naturally so inclined to listen to the whispers of selfishness, that it is only now and then that the miseries of others break in upon us, as the mighty water-spout bursts before the vision of the astonished mariners, and immediately disappears and is forgotten.

Toward the close of the last summer, I was led by a friend through one of our largest cities, to view its situation, its greatness, or whatever else would tend to gratify the curiosity or afford instruction to the visitor. Without ceremony we wandered wherever our fancy guided;—beheld many superb buildings, adorned by the fingers of art—the costly magnificence of pride—and the small and filthy cells of hopeless poverty;—we gazed at those whom we beheld charioted in splendour, and started at the

thoughtless visage of the hooting chimney sweep.—We saw much wealth—many grasping after it, and all desiring it.

After rambling all day through the crowded streets, I was glad to find myself alone, just at eve, on a gentle elevation without, and above the city, calmly sitting under the shade of a beautiful evergreen. The soft stillness of a summer's eve was now sighing over me, and I gazed at the city below, as a spot from which I was every way separated. The business of the day was now over—the streets were thronged with the multitudes, who after the toils of the day, were retiring to their respective abodes—the rumblings of the noisy carts were ceasing, and it seemed as if the pulse of the population were about ceasing to beat. The shades of evening soon began to spread over the city, and its murmurs were becoming less and less distinct, as it faded in dimness from my eyes; and during the sleep into which I fell, the following picture passed before my vision.

I thought myself still sitting in the same spot, and in broad daylight, once more threw my eyes upon the city before me. I could not only see each of the busy population, but seemed also to possess a clear knowledge of the motives from which each individual acted. The streets were once more crowded to excess, and each pushed his way onward, as if his life depended upon his own exertions. All classes were busy, and all laboured with a zeal that would have honoured the best of causes. At one place, I saw a group of merchants pacing the place of exchange with agitated steps. Here and there among them, I noticed a face that seemed calm and placid: but looking at the heart I perceived this was only a mask assumed to deceive his creditors, and that this person was about to be ruined. Here too was another merchant, who seemed to move with an uncommon share of self-complacency, and for a moment I thought he must be happy; but another glance convinced me that this could not be; for he was one of those who can smile at misery—whose hand can wring the bosom of poverty—whose heart is corroded with covetousness,—whose love is concentrated upon his gold—and who adores no power but his riches.

On turning to another part of the city, I saw a collection of men, who, by their vociferations and noisy revelry, I knew must be sailors. These had many times been in danger, and when they saw immediate destruction opening before them, they cried to their Maker, and were relieved. Often in their distress had they prayed to the

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Ruler of the waves, and were preserved ; they were now calling down the vengeance of that same power by their oaths and blasphemy ; and it seemed as if the men who had often seen the greatest displays of the power of the Almighty, were eager to be foremost in awaking the sleeping wrath of heaven. They had often sailed over the beds of the deep, and on the mountain waves rode out the mightiest storms—for the arm of God upheld them ; but they had forgotten these mercies, and they rejoiced to place themselves in the grade of brutes. Gaiety was indeed written on their foreheads, but the "way of peace" was to them wholly unknown. They were fast drowning the last whispers of conscience, they will then be lulled to sleep, to wake no more, till they wake pillow'd beneath the waves of everlasting despair !

It would be tedious to enumerate the various abominations practised by the inhabitants of this city,—the sight of which must have moistened any eye—must have sickened any heart. I saw thousands before me who were seeking for self-gratification with the same eagerness that men should seek for immortality. Some bowed before riches, which were soon to take wings and fly away—some prided themselves on elegant houses built by fraud—some on richness of dress which covered aching hearts—some were governed by passions too low for brutes—all were grasping at the shows of time—all were treading on forbidden ground ! Had this been a city in heathen land, I should not have wondered ;—but it was not ;—it was illumined by the light of Heaven. The Bible lay before them unopened, till they might have written their own condemnation on the dust which covered it. In short, they were all gone astray ;—and there seemed no wickedness too foul for practice—no contempt of heaven too open,—the streams of sin were thickening, as they rolled through every street, and it appeared as if the mass of pollution was too great ever to be removed !

My attention was now drawn to another scene. The patience of Heaven was exhausted, and He, whose is vengeance, was about to bestow recompence. On a sudden a dark black cloud began to gather over the city, and I now supposed the breath of the Eternal would soon destroy a place so wicked. But it was surprising to witness the conduct of the citizens as they beheld this storm of wrath gathering over them. They sung—they danced—they invented amusements of every sort to lull them to rest, though they knew they were

treading on the confines of destruction. The cloud of vengeance had now nearly overspread the whole city, and enveloped most of it in total darkness. These slow-curling clouds of darkness, now torn asunder by burstings of thunder—now riven by intense flashes of lightning, plainly showed that the wrath of the Almighty was fully roused, which in a moment might place thousands of immortal beings in a world of misery.

Trembling with anxiety, I gazed, and expected every moment to see the bursting of this storm, and to hear the last groans of a city buried in ruins. But I was disappointed ;—for a few men, whom I had not before observed, retired into a secret corner, and there prayed to God that he would avert his threatening wrath. These were a small company of pilgrims who had been so mingled with the world, as almost to have forgotten their real characters. Their first business was to repent of their own sins—to mourn over their short-comings in duty—and to humble themselves before their incensed Maker. They then prayed in the name of the Saviour of sinners, both for themselves and for their city—and their Father heard their supplications. The clouds of darkness now began to be dispersed, and mercy once more took the place of judgment. The murky sky once more became serene and beautiful. Not only so, but as the storm cleared away, the Dove of Heaven flew on the wings of love, and carried salvation to the city. The bells were now ringing, and the multitudes rushed to the courts of God ; some with songs of eternal joy ; others with hearts of contrition. Oaths and blasphemy were exchanged for praises and thanksgivings. Every heart became a temple for the Holy Ghost, and all gathered round one common altar, and the offerings of every heart mingled and rose to Heaven in one united column. Misery and wretchedness fled from the city, and the shouts of redeeming love took the place of the cries of wo and despair.

"This," thought I, "this is a *revival of religion—a revival of religion!*"—and I awoke ! The beauties of the evening were all spread around me. The Heavens were clear and sparkling—the oars at a distance broke the still surface of the water which lay just below me—the city of which I had been thinking was glimmering with lights, and still sending out a confused murmur—the silvery moon was shedding her richest rays on the smooth river, and thus turning it into a stream of liquid silver—and who will accuse me of weakness for kneeling upon the soft grass before I left this delightful spot.

[*Christian Herald.*]

POETRY.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

*Lines to the Memory of the Rev. John Eliot,
the first Missionary to the Indians in New-
England.*

Hail meek Apostle ! first to feel
Our wandering native's lost estate,
And first to haste in heavenly zeal,
To snatch him from impending fate.
With pen* in sacred truth embu'd,
To trace the page of Love Supreme,
Transfusing to his accents rude
The music of Salvation's theme.
See ! in thy steps a faithful band,
From scenes belov'd, devoutly go ;
To utter in a heathen land,
A voice to sooth their brother's woe.
The wild they brave,—the surge they dare,
With labour urge the stubborn soil ;
Lift to their Sire a filial prayer,
Unmurmuring feel,—unshaking toil.
The Chieftain, as a sinner grieves,
Ev'n list'ning infants near them draw,
The wild Choctaw their lore receives,
The Osage hears the Eternal Law.
Oh ! had thy glance thro' mists of time,
Prophetic mark'd this holy throng,
How had thy soul with joy sublime
Attun'd blest Simeon's fervent song.
Say, happy Saint ! to realms of peace,
When this accepted train shall rise,
Will not thy boundless bliss increase,
To meet thy offspring in the skies ? H.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. LEGARE, was the daughter of a merchant in Charles Town, who had emigrated from Ireland. She was educated in all the gaieties and amusements which the place afforded, and was particularly fond of dancing ; but forming an early attachment and subsequent union with a Mr. Legare, who was most piously educated, she cheerfully relinquished her diversions, conformed to the religious order of Mr. Legare's family, and assiduously applied herself to domestic duties ; yet without evincing any change of heart for some years after her marriage, until it pleased

* This good man, who is usually styled the "Apostle of the Indians," translated the Bible into their language ; the whole of which he executed with a *single pen*.

God to renew her soul under the ministry of the apostolic Whitfield.

In the commencement of her last illness she complained much of spiritual deadness ; but in her Bible, and at a throne of grace, she found grace to maintain an unshaken confidence in the promises, yet frequently observed, " Oh that my Redeemer would shine upon me ! " and told Mr. Legare " that she did not enjoy the sensible presence of her Redeemer, yet she trusted in his blood, and held his promises, which she would never let go, and which made her feel as firm as a rock." All this, with much more, was spoken with the greatest serenity, yet with a brilliancy in her eyes never to be forgotten.

But as death advanced her joyes arose, " Now," said she, " my Redeemer smiles."

Her last words were, " O where is my rest ? I long, I long," and took her flight to God.

Just preceding her decease her physician came and found the family with full hearts and wet eyes ; her husband asked him " what he thought of the scene in the next room ? " " Indeed, Sir," said he, " I know not what to think of it ; it is all a mystery to me, I have seen numbers of men, in all the vigour of health, and thirsting for martial honour, rush into the field of battle, and in that confused scene put on the appearance of fortitude, yet not one of them could face the gradual approaches of death on a sick bed, without visible horror ; but here is a poor emaciated woman whose whole nervous system is unstrung by long disease, welcoming the grim messenger with the utmost serenity and composure, and even with joy, though approaching in all the horrors of the most gradual progress imaginable, (for she was three days in the agonies of death) Indeed, Sir, it is all a mystery, and I know not how to account for it." " Do you not, Sir ? (said Mr. Legare) go to Calvary ! You indeed see us, dissolved in tears ; but I do not believe that there is a tear in this room extorted by grief. No, Sir, they are tears of joy.

The doctor went down stairs, and met a gentleman at the door who enquired, " How Mrs. Legare was ? " He answered, " just gone Sir." " Well," said the person, " Mr. Legare is a philosopher, and I hope he will bear the stroke like one." " Philosophy ! (replied the doctor,) I have thought as much of philosophy as any man ; but the scene within beats philosophy hollow."

NOTICE.

The Ladies of New-Haven and its vicinity, who are desirous of forming a Society for the promotion of Christianity among the Jews, are requested to meet at the house of David Daggett, on Tuesday the 23d inst. at 3 o'clock P.M.

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